

August 2019

Little Dun Mare

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Little Dun Mare" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 677.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/677

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LITTLE DUN MARE.

On the twenty fourth of august last,
 A horse race at Newmarket was,
 And many a fine gentlemen there did resort,
 All for to see such lively sport,
 There was a gentleman of fame,
 Charles Anson, esq, and that was his name,
 And he had got a kinsman who had a mare,
 Called little Dun with her two cropt ears,
 He went to his kinsman and thus he did say,
 I have matched your mare to run this day.
 Against Mr. Oliver's lively bay,
 For fifty the little boy cries,
 I am afraid the mare will lose the prize,
 O no says my uncle I am sure she will beat,
 For there's a guinea to a shilling against the
 first heat,
 The trumpet did sound, and the drums did beat,
 Says the boy to the uncle I lose the first heat,
 You know very well the good trim of your mare
 You may lose the first heat if you think you dare
 The gentlemen rode round the course,
 Betting the money on every post,
 saying I will lay eight you to five,
 That the little Dun Mare will lose the prize,
 Who is that, who is that, the little boy cried,
 That says he will lay eight to five,
 I have 100 bright guineas my uncle left me,
 I will venture it all to back little Dun,
 The jockies were weighed likewise their whips,
 so then the bold rider began for to strip,
 but the little Dun mare as I heard 'em say,
 Carried 12 pounds more than the lively bay,
 The gentleman rode over the course,
 saying one to the other our money is lost,
 Which made the old gentleman stamp & to swear
 saying the devil take you & your little dun mare
 Now since my mare has won the race,
 she shall not stop long in this place,
 For she has won as much money this very day
 As my uncle can count and carry away.